Aum. God saue your Grace; I do beseech your Maiesty,
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.
King. Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Cosin now?
Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.
King. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how hainous ere it be,
To winne thy after loue, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then giue me leaue that I may turne the Key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
King. Haue thy desire.
The Duke of Yorke knocks at the doore and cryeth.
Yorke. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.
King. Villaine, ile make thee safe.
Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to feare
Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole, hardy King:
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open. *Enter Yorke.*
King. What is the matter vnckle, speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it?
Yorke. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know,
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past,
I doe repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
Yorke. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe:
I tore it from the traitors bosome (King)
Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pitty him, lest thy pitty proue
A serpent, that will sting thee to thee heart.
King. O heynous, strong, and bold conspiracie!
O loyall father of a treacherous sonne!
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,

From

From whence this streame th
Hath hald his current, and d
Thy ouerflow of good conu
And thy aboundant goodne
This deadly blot in thy digr
Yorke. So shall my Vertu
And he shall spend mine hon
As thriftles Sonnes, their so
Mine honour liues when hi
Or my shamde life in his dis
Thou kilst me in his life giu
The traitor liues, the true n
Dutch. What ho, my Li
King. What shrill voyc'd
Dutc. A woman, and thy
Speake with me, pittie me,
A Begger begs, that neuer
King. Our scene is alter
And now changde to the B
My dangerous Cosin, le
I know she is come, to pra
Yorke. If thou do pard
More sinnes for this forgi
This festred ioynt cut off,
This let alone, will all the
Dut. Oh King, beleeu
Loue louing not it selfe, n
Yorke. Thou franticke w
Shall thy old dugs once n
Dut. Sweete Yorke be
King H. Rise vp good
Dut. Not yet I thee b
For euer will I walke vpo
And neuer see day that th
Till thou giue ioy; vntil
By pardoning Rutland, n
Aum. Vnto my mothe